

Emil. That were a shame Sir,
While I have horses: take your choice, and what
You want at any time, let me but know it;
If you serve faithfully, I dare assure you
You'll finde a loving Mistress.

Arc. If I doe not,
Let me finde that my Father ever hated,
Disgrace, and blowes.

Thes. Go leade the way; you have won it:
It shall be so; you shall receive all dues
Fit for the honour you have won; Twere wrong else,
Sister, bestrew my heart, you have a Servant,
That if I were a woman, would be Master,
But you are wife.

Emil. I hope too wise for that Sir. *Florish.*

Scena 6. Enter Taylors Daughter alone.

Daughter. Let all the Dukes, and all the divells rore,
He is at liberty: I have venturd for him,
And out I have brought him to a little wood
A mile hence, I have sent him, where a Cedar
Higher than all the rest, spreads like a plane
Fast by a Brooke, and there he shall keepe close,
Till I provide him Fyles, and foode, for yet
His yron bracelets are not off. O Love
What a stout hearted child thou art! My Father
Durst better have indur'd cold yron, than done it:
I love him, beyond love, and beyond reason,
Or wit, or safetie: I have made him know it
I care not, I am desperate, If the law
Finde me, and then condemne me for't; some wenches,
Some honest harted Maides, will sing my Dirge.
And tell to memory, my death was noble,
Dying almost a Martyr: That way he takes,
I purpose is my way too: Sure he cannot
Be so unmanly, as to leave me here,
If he doe, Maides will not so easily
Trust men againe: And yet he has not thank'd me
For what I have done: no not so much as kiss me,

And

And that (me thinkes) is not so well;
Could I perswade him to become a Friar,
He made such scruples of the wrong he
To me, and to my Father. Yet I hope
When he considers more, this love of
Will take more root within him: Let
What he will with me, so he use me k
For use me so he shall, or ile proclaim
And to his face, no-man: Ile presently
Provide him necessaries, and packe my
And where there is a path of ground
So hee be with me; By him, like a sha
Ile ever dwell; within this houre the
Will be all ore the prison: I am then
Kissing the man they looke for: farew
Get many more such prisoners, and su
And shortly you may keepe your self

Actus Tertius

Scena 1. Enter Arcite

Arcite. The Duke has lost Hypolytus
A severall land: This is a solemne Rite
They owe bloomed May, and the
To'th heart of Ceremony: O Queen
Fresher then May, sweeter
Then hir gold Buttons on the bowe
Th'en amell'd knackes o'th Meade, o
(We challenge too) the bancke of a
That makes the streame seeme flow
O'th wood, o'th world, hast likewise
With thy sole presence, in thy rumi
That I poore man might eftsoones
And chop on some cold thought, th
To drop on such a Mistress, expectat
most gilllesse on't: tell me O Lady
(Next after *Emely* my Sovereigne)